

temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?"

"No," replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glance, "we evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after your boy."

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously: "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man today."

THE WAY ONE LOOKS AT THINGS

Woman's Work.

Two ladies were on the street one day. One of them dropped a package, and a poor street urchin picked it up. They passed on, and one said:

"Wasn't he a ragged little chap?"

"I didn't notice," was the reply, "I was looking at his bright eyes; I can not meet an honest, handsome face like that without being attracted by it."

And she went on to express the wish that he might have proper training for the responsibilities of manhood. She saw him again, she helped him in various ways, and now she enjoys the satisfaction which results from noble work. Thus have statesmen and philanthropists been made. She looked for beauties in that street picture, and she found them.

A STREET-CAR INCIDENT

Exchange.

"All aboard!" called the conductor, sharply. "All aboard!"

The girl on the corner who was delaying for a last word with her friends hurried up the steps with a flushed, indignant face. She felt as if everybody in the car had heard; the company ought to know how discourteous some of its employes were. She wished that she had waited and taken the next car—why hadn't she thought to?

An old lady opposite watched her thoughtfully. Presently, when the seats near the girl became vacant, she stepped across to one of them.

"Will you pardon an old lady's speaking?" she asked, gently. "I saw you come in and I thought that perhaps you didn't understand—many people don't—and I was sure that if you knew you would not be annoyed again. The conductors don't mean to be rude, but they have to run on time; if one is even two minutes late he is 'laid off' without pay for two weeks. When a man has a family to provide for, it means something to be laid off. Two minutes is such a narrow margin for delays—it isn't strange if they get impatient sometimes, is it?"

The girl's face had flushed again, but her eyes met the other's bravely.

"Thank you," she said. "I didn't know—I never thought of such a thing. I'm so glad you didn't let me go on being

careless. I will not be so again, truly!"

As the erect young figure left the car the stranger looked after her with loving eyes. Girls only need to know.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT

Drummond.

Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and altho he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still, and I was feeling homesick, and miserable, and weary, I thought I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and thro the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, altho I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire; but when you sang out—

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,

I said, "Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home."

WORKING AND WISHING

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.

—Eben E. Rexford.

Sisters' Society C. E.

CHRISTIAN LIVING

ALMA HARDMAN

In an age like this, when people can read anything they wish on any subject, when there is heard in the very air the name of God constantly taken in vain, and when many of the very professors of Christianity are anything but Christians, one feels the need of true, consecrated followers of Christ; followers, who will not only talk but walk after Jesus. People have had enough talking. What they want are lives, that they may see the evidences of Christianity for themselves. They are inclined to be very much like Thomas, "Except they put their fingers into the prints of the nails and thrust their hands into His side, they will not believe." The Christian is to be Christ's witness and his life should be such, that it could be examined at any time, and found to bear the characteristics of Jesus. But how often would the Thomases turn away sadly if they came to examine the so-called Christian's likeness to Jesus? Indeed very many *do* turn away just because they do not find Christ in the professor. How many of our workers today cannot trace the difficulties with which they meet to some impure life?

It was Christ's life, more than his words that influenced mankind, and it was his love and close sympathy for his followers that caused them to bear all things for him. Just so now it is our lives, our likeness to Christ, lived with man that will raise him up so that he can enjoy the light of God. How very needful is it, then, for Christians to live true, consecrated lives!

It is the Christian's duty to show to the world the *reality* of his faith. The church today is so far removed from its true mission that many people get the idea that there is no life in Christianity and that it is only a delusion. This idea can be disproven only by living it down. One cannot *explain* to those who are in darkness what the light is, but he can show them the reality of that light by the effect its possession has on his character, and this will be the strongest evidence of its reality.

It is the Christian's duty also, to show the worth of Christianity. Indeed, judging by the effect of Christianity on many lives one would think it worth no more than a social organization. We should not be afraid to show what Christ has done for us and let people know that the thing they are hungering for, and have not found, is obtained only through the Savior. In every being there is something which seeks after God, after some higher divine existence, a hunger that is never satisfied until it feeds upon the infinite love of God. Surely it is worth something to have this hungering satisfied and feel at rest with one's self and one's God, and if Christianity is worth anything to one it is worth everything because upon our faith in Jesus Christ depends our happiness here, and hope for the life beyond.